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THE

SENATORIAL DISPENSARY,

A

POEM

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Aliquando MEDICINAM *adhiberetis* REIPUBLICÆ.

Cicero, Orat. pro Sextio.

Can'ſt thou not miniſter to a MIND *diſeas'd?* Shakeſpeare.

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TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF RUTLAND.

My Lord,

THERE are two Subjects which by prescriptive right, are supposed to constitute the very essence of a modern Dedication. —The unlimited Praise of the Patron, and the unbounded servility of the Author. This present will have the Novelty of containing neither; your Grace's worth being too well known to need a Display of it; and the Author having no possible inducement for adopting flattery, being ACQUAINTED only with your virtues.

I have the honor to be with due Respect

Your Grace's

Most Obedient humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

MANY have been the Excuſes of Authors to anticipate the Applauſe, and deprecate the cenſure of the Public; *That ſome Copies have ſlip'd out of their hands unawares, publiſhed in a Hurry, written during a fit of ſickneſs, at the earneſt requeſt of Friends, &c. &c.* Theſe have been long ſince worn out, and as Chaucer ſays, "*Bolted to the Bran*". The Author of the following Trifle will make uſe of none of them, but freely confeſs he publiſh'd it to pleaſe—himſelf: And contrary to general Practice declines giving an account of it *here*, as he would not chooſe to make it (which is too often the Caſe) a mere Paraphraſe of the Preface. But, pray, Sir, where do you live? who are you? What—Madam, I am your very humble Servant, and if you will look into Swifts Voyage to Laputa, you will find me juſt *hinted* at among the Projectors. But it will neither encreaſe or diminiſh the numerous defects of this little Work, whether I lodge in St. James's Place, or in the Vicinage of St. Giles's: whether I Scribbled it in my *Souvenir* Pocket-book reclining on a Sofa, while your Ladyſhip was playing at *Vingt-un*, or in the

the perhaps more happy ſituation of ſolitary obſcurity. Should you enquire what Connexion *bodily* Infirmities can have with the *Soul* permit me to refer you to your Ladyſhips Chaplain, who will explain the *cure* of Souls, and inform you that Plato (if he has heard of any One of that Name beſides a Pointer) mentions the *Phyſic of the Soul.* Should this, however have the honour of lying in a Parlour Window (which the great Montaigne thought the worſt Curſe that could befal his Works)—to ſuperſede the Morning-Poſt over a Diſh of Chocolate—to ſooth the tediouſneſs of the Hair-dreſſer though at the Hazard of falling a Victim to the Curl,—or cheat Anxiety of one uneaſy Moment, the Vanity of the Author will be fully gratified, who implicitly ſubmits to the Judgement of the Public, and concludes with Monteſquieu "*Je ne demande point de Protection pour ce Livre, on le lira, s'il eſt bon, & s'il eſt mauvais, Je ne me ſoucie pas qu'on le liſe*".

THE

SENATORIAL DISPENSARY.

IF the joint powers of body, and of mind,
In ſympathetic uniſon combin'd,
As well can feel, as *mutually* retain,
The niceſt ſearching ſenſe of joy and pain,
If the *ſame* fever with its raging heat,
Drys the parch'd frame, and batters reaſon's ſeat,
And the *ſame* drugs cooling the fires that roll
Thro' the hot veins, can re-inſtate the ſoul,
What can cure *both* ſevereſt truth muſt own
May cure the *ſeparate* ail of *each alone*.
Then ſoaring med'cine might enlarge her plan *,
Leave groſſer parts, and heal the Mind of Man.

* I have been gradually led into this train of thought by frequently obſerving that the diſeaſes of the human frame are applicable even to *inanimate* objects. How often have I feelingly lamented the maladies of my garret furniture; when my

Oh! could ſome ſweet *oblivious draught* impart †
The *balm* of comfort to a *wounded* heart,
Steal on the ſenſe, infuſe ſome ſoft relief,
And ſooth the labouring ſoul entranc'd in grief;
Then ſhould'ſt thou live, Maria, live, and claim
A proud *alliance* with thy ſoldier's *fame*,
Who in the laſt convulſive gaſp of death,
With the laſt murmur of his fleeting breath,
Gave, while the lateſt pulſe of life could move,
A tear to friendſhip, and a ſigh to love.

Where Scandal's vot'ries, with invidious glee,
Croud round her favourite ſhrine—an *urn* for tea,
While Envy, nurs'd with ſelf-tormenting art,
Scouls from their eye, and rankles in their heart,
With aggravating comment mark, each day,
The current foibles of the young and gay;

chairs have totter'd with *broken legs*; when my table has been eaten up with *worms*; my bellows labouring with an *aſthmatic ſhortneſs of breath*; my windows, periſhing by attacks of the *ſtone* and *gravel*; and my laſt conſolatory bottle of geneva thrown from the ſhelf by the inadvertant rapacity of a half-ſtarv'd cat, ſuffering as well as myſelf a *Dejection of Spirits!*

† A recent melancholy fact. The officer here alluded to was mortally wounded in a late engagement, and expired in the arms of his moſt intimate friend, ſending his laſt remembrance to the lady whom he was to have married on his return to England. On the news of his death ſhe ſunk into a rapid decay, "*tried to live without him, lik'd it not, and died!*"

Merit,

Soft Oils might *lubricate* the baneful throng,
And ſtop the *ſpreading poiſon* of the tongue.

Hilario, who from Cambridge whirls to town,
Tir'd of the ruſtling of his ſilken gown,
There chills his Friend, with petrifying air,
With faint half nod, and *recognizing* ſtare,
Might cleanſe the rank luxuriance from his mind,
And leave the ſeeds of virtue ſtill behind,
Merit, tho' threadbare, he'd no more deride,
But *Jalap* prove an antidote to pride.
His Tutor *—(reverend office! how diſgrac'd,
In the vile hands of fawning meanneſs plac'd!)
Who without ſcience can his temper hit
With tortur'd Puns, and dull pert local wit.
While† the forced ſimper, and continued grin,
Relax his face, and curve his pliant chin.
Merc'ry, could *Chiron* ſpare it from his ſhins,
Would *ſweat* his ſoul, and *ſalivate* his ſins.

* It is ſaid that Alexander the Great ſolicited his tutor Ariſtotle to ſuppreſs the publication of his works, that the reſt of mankind might not be ſo wiſe as themſelves, but he nobly refuſed to comply with ſo illiberal a requeſt. This, together with the other opinions of that philoſopher, is almoſt exploded, as many tutors keep their knowledge *a moſt profound ſecret.*

† Theſe pliant Gentlemen-uſhers are very common in the Anti-chapel at—— Col. the *Spiritual Renelagh* of C—m—dge: The Antients uſed to paint the emblematic figure of Time, with a *ſingle lock* on the crown of the head; the *gold taſſel* of a Fellow-commoner is exactly ſimilar, except that it is more *caught at.*

Then

Then might ſome *ſolvent* W——d,† melt the lead
The only *Mine* that's fertile in thy head;
Or ſome *Aſtringent* ſtop with little pain
The ſtubborn *Diabetes* of the Brain.
Whoſe *intermitting fits* like Bell-men raiſe
The lyric gingle of unmeaning praiſe.

Oh for a Pen with ſharpeſt *cauſtic* tipt,
Not in baſe ink but *Aqua-fortis* dipt,
Then might my ſoaring Muſe a ſcheme unfol'd
A ſcheme from Time's dark Volume yet unrol'd!
Within the ſacred Fane where Freedom reign'd,
And Senators the public good maintain'd,
But in theſe wiſer times are better known
With perſeverance to *conſult* their *own*:
Where N——n, deck'd with due official form,
" *Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the Storm.*"
Obſerves, collected in himſelf, where glows
The too redundant rage of *Ayes* and *Noes*,
And cooly deals decorum to the reſt;
Let there be placed a well-ſtor'd MED'CINE CHEST,
With every *Drug* that may each temper hit
Weigh'd out in *Doſes*, *quantum ſufficit*,

† Junius well obſerves, that this Gentleman manufactures his Odes for the *ſole* uſe of the great perſon who is the ſubject of them, and that they may not be exported in *foreign bottoms*, boldly ſets all tranſlation at defiance.

From

From which let all the members when they meet,
In order *take* their Phyſic, and their Seat,
This would ſo harmonize each jarring ſoul
That one opinion would pervade the whole,
Concurrent voices would exclude Debate
And moderation ſoften party hate.
" Great Galen's fav'rite ſons, alike expert,
" To heal their patients or their country's hurt,
" Sage B——y and Add——n ſhall ſtand,
" Preſcribe, and * *caſt the water of the land,*
" Whilſt every member conſcious of their ſkill,
" Shall freely ſwallow bolus, draught, or Pill,
The *Bark* infus'd in T——y *Panaceas*
Would ſtop *ſome* Patriotic *Diarrheas.*
Emetics given to the voting tribe,
As ſoon as ſwallow'd would *bring up* a bribe;
Or couldſt thou, great Vanbutchel†, *keep* this houſe,
As uncorrupt as thou can'ſt *keep* thy ſpouſe,
Then ſhould the grateful muſe *embalm* thy fame,
Pickle thy merits, and *preſerve* thy name.

* Mackbeth.

† This gentleman's conjugal affection with the Aſſiſtance of Mr. Hunter, has reſcued his deceaſed wife from the *common* depredations of Mortality, by *embalming* her and keeping her perfect in form and figure, in a glaſs-caſe, always blooming, always ſilent! always unchangeable!

Batemans * *Elixer* with Cathartic touch
Would rake the neutral *bottoms* of the Dutch,
Sound and ſecure ſhould Brittains Glory live
Propt now and then with † *Smyth's Reſtorative*,
And thou great Leake † *thy juſtly famous pill*
Might ſafety vend without a chance to kill.
Raynes † might his Fame enlarge, his price enhance
By curing *Ruptures* between us and France,
And all would Gallia's latent tricks eſpy
If Baron Wenzell † *couched* the *Nation's Eye.*
The Houſe too might curtail their long proceedings
With all the fuſs of firſt and ſecond Readings,
Would but each member take an *Op'ning Potion*
They'd all unite in one great general *motion* §.
When —— with Factions thouſand tongues give looſe
To the keen flow of perſonal abuſe,
Flys from the point forgetting Rhetric's laws,
And by its patron hurts a noble cauſe,

† This would have made their High Mightineſſes *diſcharge* the naval ſtores ſhiped for *Breſt*, without the *obſtetircal* aſſiſtance of Capt. Fielding.

† The Reader may ſee the merits of theſe gentlemen in the laſt page of every News-paper diſplayed by themſelves.

§ The Author humbly hopes the Reader will on no account take the word *Motion* in a Phyſical ſenſe.

† Any name you pleaſe, that's a Monoſyllable.

Narcotics

Narcotics would exuberant Rage reſtrain,
And cool the burning *Fever* of the brain.

Tho' Savile ſhines in conſcious virtue great,
Undeck'd with ſuperficial glare of ſtate,
And breathing only for his country's good
The glittering Baits of office has withſtood;
On Rutland tho' the laviſh gods diſpenſe,
Wit prun'd by Judgement, Taſte matur'd by ſenſe,
And to the luſtre of his ſire's renown
Adds the mild glory of the *civic* crown,
An altrative might thin their patriot blood,
And change their hearts ſo obſtinately good.

Apollo, God of Phyſick, and of ſong!
Who heals the body and inſpires the tongue,
In Heavenly accents breathe into my Ear
For I have one (as thou hadſt once S—— eare)
Say what rare Drug mix'd in the *cup* of Fate,
Can brace the *nervous ſyſtem* of the ſtate,

* Apollo in the ſhape of a penſion ſtop't this Phyſical Gentleman's Patriotic career, but a well known *Event* in his hiſtory will not ſuffer us to ſay, Cynthius *aurem* vellit, et admonuit.

This project, the author doubts not will appear more feaſible, if the judicious Reader would obſerve the great ſimilarity between the body *Natural*, and the Body *Politc*: The Roman empire tottered through the exceſs of its unweildy Bulk. Holland is conſtantly *tap'd* by canals to draw of the water, or ſhe would inevitably

Renew

Renew the vigour of its *tottering frame*,
Chear its low ſpirits, and conſumptive name;
Deign thou for once to *practiſe* in his ſtead
Since Chatham, England's beſt Phyſician's dead!
Alas! 'tis but creative Fancy's Dream!
The fond illuſion of a darling ſcheme!
Sooner keen polar froſts, or Alpine ſnows
Shall quench the *Veſtal* fire of K——y's noſe,
Sooner ſhall Franco dine on *Yorkſhire* Ham,
Or ſolemn dullneſs leave the muddy Cam,
Sooner ſhall Dutchmen fill the throne of taſte,
S——h turn Methodiſt, or G——r chaſte.

periſh with a *Dropſy—Inflamation* in the *inteſtines* has ravaged America—A *mortification* has preyed on——, and a *Putridity* occaſioned by *Repletion* having been perceived in many departments, the noble, and diſintereſted efforts of the York, and other petitions, have *preſcribed* a Reduction of the *peccant humours* by a *lowering Regimen*, and in ſome caſes immediate *Amputation*. In ſhort, to carry the compariſon no farther, the ſame cauſes in *each*, will undermine the *ſoundeſt Conſtitution*.

THE END.